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Dear Wanon -

I so wish I could be with you today and take part in the ceremony in Buchenwald. I am sure it will be a meaningful event; it corrects an injustice. It also brings back memories. April 11 remains with me—but where was I three days later? On a hospital bed, hanging between life and death.

I remember my first return to Buchenwald in the early nineties. The "big camp" seemed intact, clean, silent: a museum. A thick forest of trees replaced the "small camp" where thousands of Jews perished of hunger, disease and cruel violence.

I voiced my anguish as well as my anger to the curators who accompanied me on a "tour" of the camp site.

But then I wanted to be alone.

I leaned against a tree, closed my eyes and looked for my father.

My sick father, tormented and humiliated before my eyes. His feverish whispers. His pain. His helplessness and mine. My father, dying. My father, dead. He entered darkness without leaving a trace.

But he left a scar.

On my whole being.

As ever, yours:

Elie Wiesel